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THE BYSTANDER
June 19, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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The BYSTANDER in Wartime

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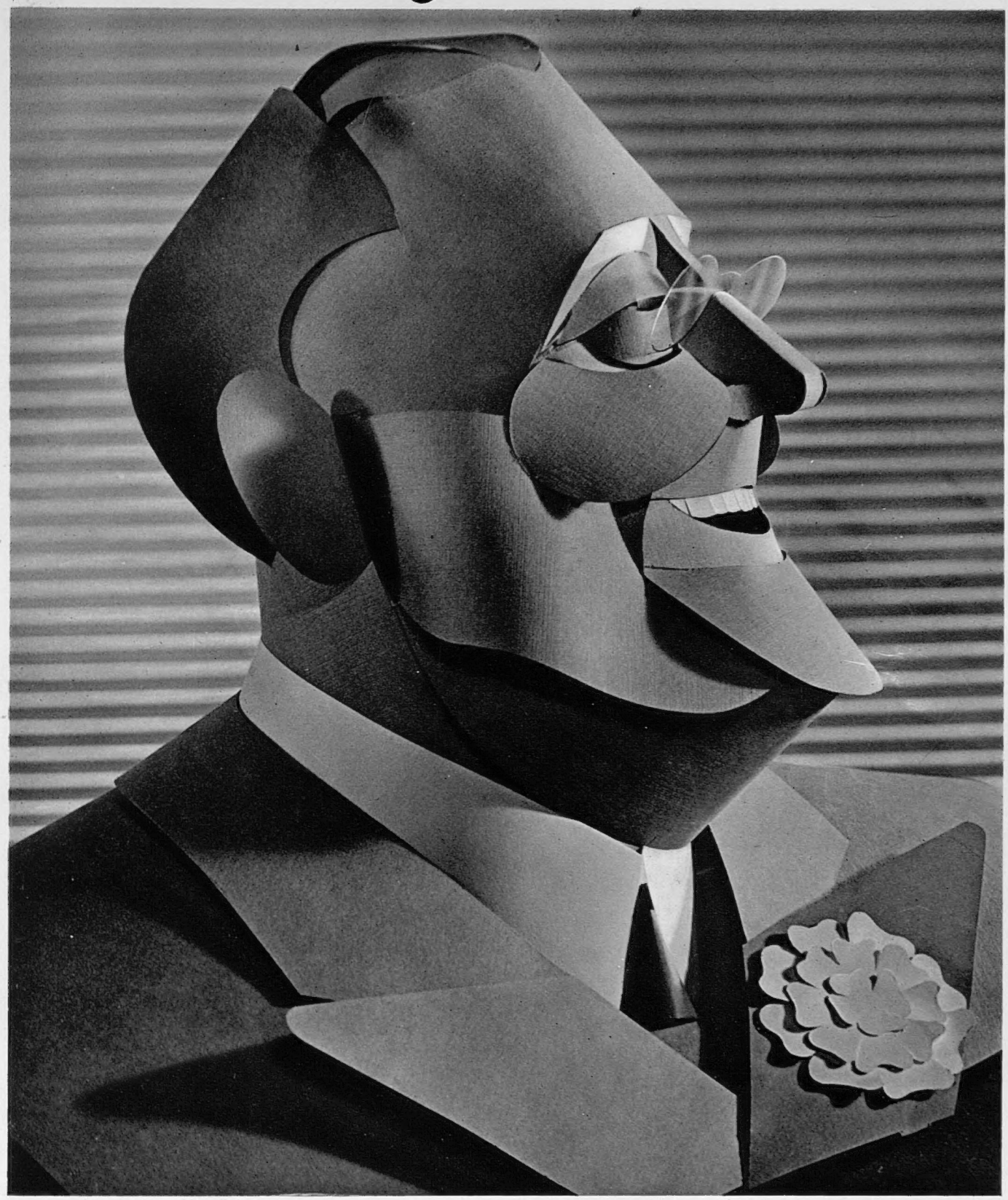


Paper Cartoon by Bruce Angrave

What Will America Do?

A few hours before it was announced that French troops had been withdrawn on each side of Paris, the French Premier made a new and final appeal to the President of the United States. He asked, above all, for "clouds of aeroplanes." This was just three days after Mr. Roosevelt had delivered his great speech at the University of Virginia, in which he promised "We will extend to the opponents of force the material resources of this nation." The Allies already owe much to the President in these last months; as the Germans marched into Paris, heart of the European civilisation, which so many Americans themselves know and love, we asked ourselves what will, what can America do for us now?

Map for the Navy

Vice-Admiral Bertram Home Ramsay was Flag-Officer Commanding at Dover during the Dunkirk evacuation, and the award to him of the K.C.B. was among the first of the honours announced in connection with the withdrawal. He was already C.B., M.V.O. He retired as Vice-Admiral in 1938, his last appointment having been Chief of Staff, Home Fleet, from 1935

Map for Defence

Parashot Chief for London is Major-Gen. Sir Cecil Pereira, whose official title is London Area Organiser for the Local Defence Volunteers in the Eastern Command. Sir Cecil served with distinction in the last war, commanded the 56th (London) Division, Territorial Army, retired in 1923, since then has been chairman of the London Territorial and Army Air Force Association

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

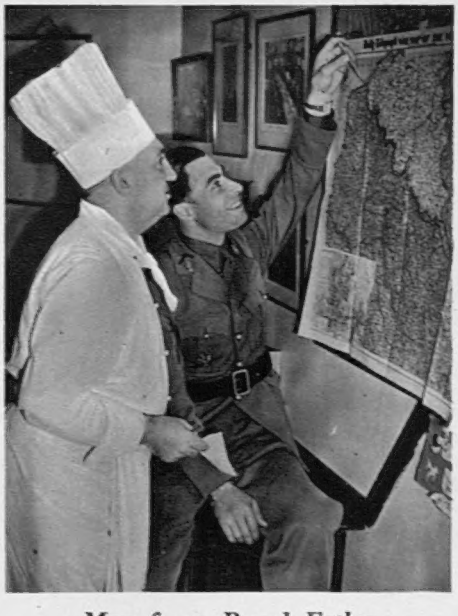
PARIS has fallen, but Paris can never die. She will rise, as she has always risen, greater and more triumphant than ever. If we are to hold fast to the faith, as we must hold fast and as we do hold fast, that there is a reason for the existence of the universe, then we must know that Paris can never die. She is the centre, the core, the heart, and the inspiration of all our civilisation, our culture, our art and of all the things that make life worth living. Paris has been to the modern world what Rome was 2000 years ago and what Athens was 500 years before that. Milton wrote

If this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rottenness
And earth's base built on stubble

but the earth's base is not built on stubble and France will yet be saved.

UP to the very last moment I refused to believe that Italy was going to come into the war. But as has happened with such lamentable regularity for years now, I have been proved to be wrong in my predictions. Old Moore has nothing to fear from me as a rival in trade. Mr. Edward Shanks, the poet, novelist, critic, and I were the only two people in London who shouted from the house-tops our conviction that Italy would not come in. On hearing the news I mounted my trusty bicycle and went round to a certain port of call where I fancied I might meet Mr. Shanks. Sure enough, he was there, and we drank sorrowfully to our own incompetence as prophets.

ITALY'S entry into the war at least makes it possible for me to write what I think about Mussolini without being overwhelmed with abusive letters by that dismal crew of citizens in this country who used to admire the Duce so much. For some reason the man had a curious hypnotic influence over a certain type of English mind. I think it was partly the carefully circulated legend that he had stamped out Bolshevism in Italy. And I think perhaps his virility and energy fascinated people who had neither.



Map for a Proud Father

Roger Latry, liaison officer in the French Army, showed his father, François Latry, maître chef of the Savoy Hotel, London, how he escaped from Dunkirk: after twenty hours in the sea under cover of an overturned boat he was picked up by a British destroyer. A Brigadier said to M. Latry about his son, "You should be proud of him; he is a very good soldier"

LET me jot down one or two facts about Mussolini. He was a passionate advocate of Italy's entry into the last war, but was determined with equal passion that he himself should not enter into it. He was, however, pinched by the military authorities and shoved into uniform. He did *not* become a corporal. He did *not* fight in the front line. It is true that he received forty-two wounds, but that was because he accidentally dropped a bomb which made forty-two punctures in his very considerable behind. He did *not* destroy Bolshevism in Italy, because Bolshevism was on the wane before he ever came to power.

LET us continue the catalogue. He did *not* lead the march to Rome, but waited in north Italy until the marchers had successfully arrived, and then he came bustling along by train. His first military exploit was the bombardment of Corfu in 1923, and the killing of some refugees. His next feat of arms was the murder in revolting circumstances of the Socialist Matteotti. After Matteotti had been killed in a way that I could not describe in print, Mussolini went to Matteotti's wife and swore with tears in his eyes that he had no idea what had happened to her husband. A little later on he signed a treaty of friendship with the Emperor of Abyssinia, and then deluged Abyssinia with mustard-gas. Then he promised Mr. Chamberlain that he would do nothing to alter the status quo in the Mediterranean, and within a month or two invaded Albania on a Good Friday.

(Concluded on page 344)

The Soldier King of Norway and His Son

This picture of King Haakon of Norway and his son, Crown Prince Olaf, was one of the last to be taken in Northern Norway before the Allied forces were withdrawn. During the two months of struggle against the German invasion "the example of the King's courage, devotion and dignity in distress has been the mainstay of the Norwegian resistance." These were Mr. Attlee's words when he announced the withdrawal to the House of Commons, saying, "Norway has decided to continue the struggle against Germany on other fronts." King Haakon and his son were still wearing the grey-blue active service uniform of their country's army when they arrived in London last week, with members of the Norwegian Government, and were met by King George at Euston. From Great Britain their fight for freedom goes on

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 342)

IT is too soon to discover whether the Italian armed forces are as enthusiastic in retreat as their fathers were at Caporetto or their own chums at Guadalajara. It may turn out, of course, that seventeen years of Fascism have worked miracles in the national temperament. It was cynical old Ferdinand Bomba, King of Naples, who made the immortal remark when his Ministers told him that the Neapolitan army was going to be dressed in a new uniform. "Put them in blue, put them in green," the old rascal said, "they will run away just the same."

IN 1854 Garibaldi called at Newcastle to refuel his little ship, and the working men of Tyneside subscribed out of their meagre wages to buy him a sword of honour. In his speech when he accepted it, Garibaldi said: "Italy will one day be a nation, and its free citizens will know how to acknowledge all the kindness shown her exiled sons in the days of her darkest troubles." When Garibaldi and the Thousand landed at Marsala to begin their incredible epic, the two English warships lying in the harbour prevented the Neapolitan commander from opening fire and blowing Garibaldi out of the water. Years afterwards the great Italian wrote: "The noble flag of England once more on this occasion helped to prevent bloodshed, and I, the Benjamin of these lords of the ocean, for the hundredth time received their protection."

FROM the military point of view it is obvious to anyone that Italy is the most vulnerable country in Europe. Quite apart from the long coastline, Italian overseas possessions are strung out and difficult to defend. For example, what will happen to the quarter of a million, or thereabouts, who are in Abyssinia? They depend even for their food upon the Suez Canal. Again, the island of Pantellaria in the Mediterranean is heavily fortified, but it lacks one rather important commodity. There is no water on the island, and it depends entirely on water-ships and storage-tanks. It is true that Italy has a hundred submarines, but no Italian sailor of any rank from highest to lowest has ever been under fire. In the last war, you may remember, they preferred the comparative safety of harbour to the risk of meeting even an Austrian ship. We have yet to see whether the Italian submarine crews like depth-charges.

MR. PHILIP JORDAN, *News Chronicle* Special Correspondent in the Near East, reports that the Italians are being faced with ever-increasing trouble in Abyssinia. The Ethiopian patriots have been very busy in recent months in the raiding of Italian convoys and the capture from them of modern Italian weapons. The position of the garrison might suddenly become very difficult indeed. As another Italian Army discovered many years ago, Abyssinia is a much easier place to get into than to get out of.

I FIND it difficult to appreciate the attitude of people like Mr. McLaren, the Labour Member for Burslem, when he deplores Mr. Duff Cooper's broadcast on the Italian entry into the war. Mr. McLaren thought it was a pity to irritate the Italian people, and in his own remarkable words, "to estrange them from ourselves." I heartily agree with Mr. Duff Cooper in thinking that the time is past for being polite to our enemies, and I am firmly of opinion that the broadcast in question enheartened and encouraged myriads of listeners.

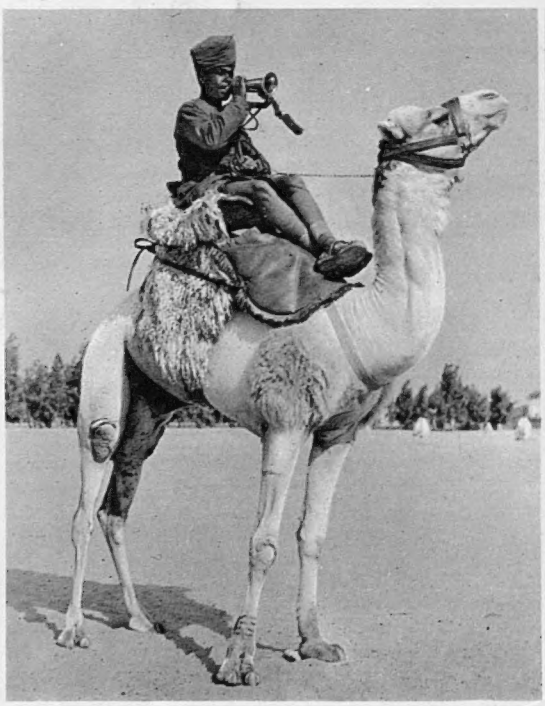
AT last an Order in Council has been made by which anyone found guilty of publishing any report or statement about the war "which is likely to cause alarm or despondency" will be liable to imprisonment up to a month and a fine up to £50. This is a first-class step in the right direction, and quite a number of people will have to be a little more careful about the lies which they have been spreading so cheerfully.

THIS is a quotation from Johnson. It is a perfect description of the Chatterbug. "I could wish that, in imitation of a people not often to be copied, some regulations might be made to exclude screech-owls from all company, as the enemies of mankind, and confine them to some proper receptacle, where they may mingle sighs at leisure, and thicken the gloom of one another. 'Thou prophet of evil,' says Homer's Agamemnon, 'thou never foretellest me good, but the joy of thy heart is to predict misfortunes.'"

MR. ATTLEE has announced that the post of Chief Industrial Adviser to the Government no longer exists. The gentleman who used to hold it was the celebrated Sir Horace Wilson, whose excursion into diplomacy and foreign affairs will be remembered in the days to come, when history is being written. Although his name is seldom mentioned nowadays, he may rest assured that he is not forgotten.

THE herring-fishing season in the Moray Firth and off the coast of Aberdeenshire is due to begin very soon, and the Ministry of Food is going to make a big drive to get the nation to become herring-conscious. Those of us who come from that part of the world have known all our lives that the herring, either fresh, salt, or smoked, is one of the best of all dishes, and our knowledge was shared by Russia, North Germany, and the Baltic States. But for some weird reason, the herring has never been popular in England, in spite of the fact that it is cheap and, from the scientific point of view, of high nutrition value.

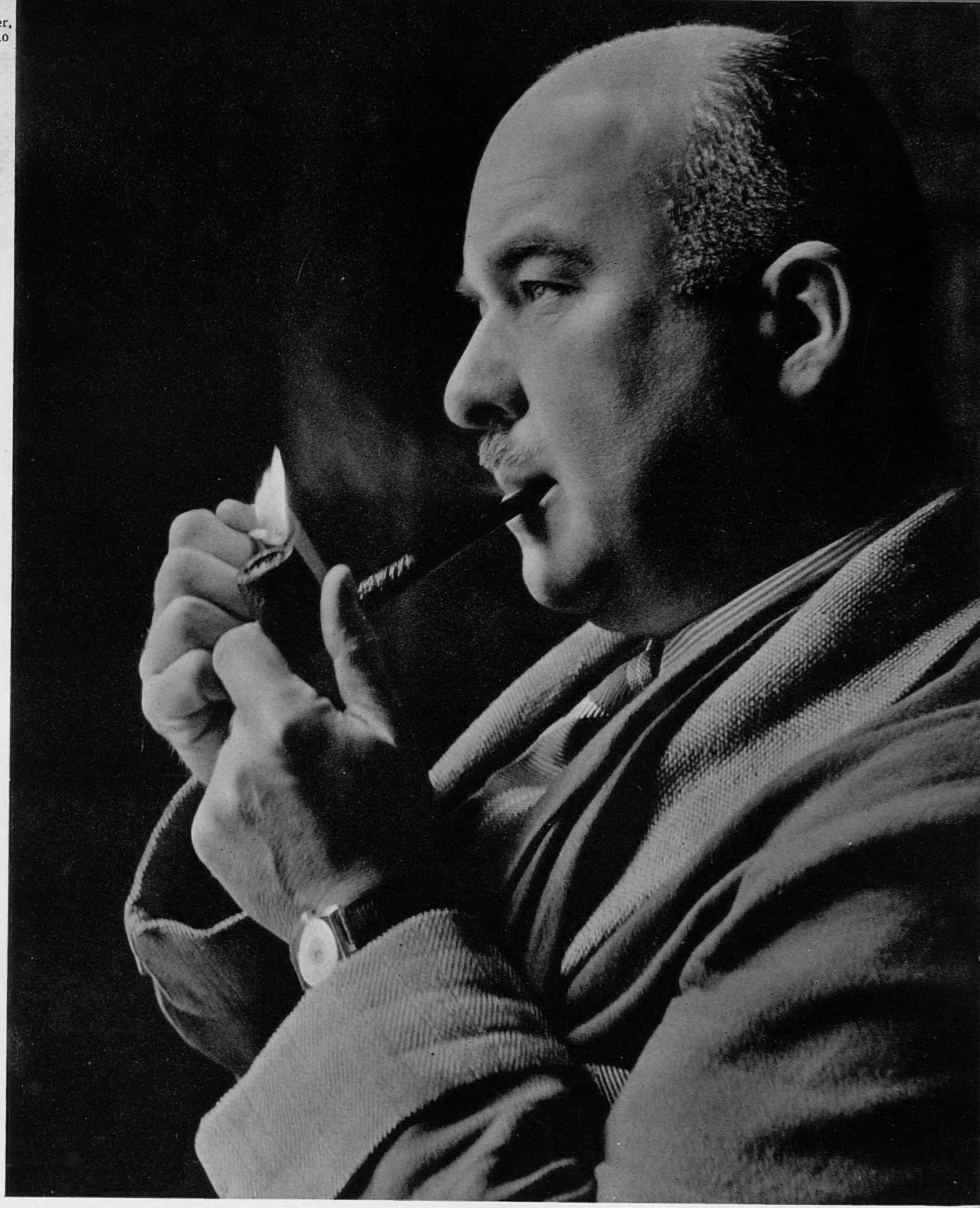
AS soon as Mussolini had done his stuff on June 10th, and the big round-up of Italians had begun, a great many people found time to spare a sympathetic thought for many of the waiters and restaurant proprietors who have been so kind and courteous to them in the past. In common with many other members of the Bon Viveur Club, I thought at once of our genial Mr. Davico, and I was delighted when a telephone-call brought me the information that he had been naturalised as long ago as 1928.



Bred for Speed: an Egyptian Camel and the French Derby Winner

Bred for their speed, used for their swift, silent sand-coloured movement across the desert are the camels of the famous Egyptian Camel Corps. In peacetime they patrol the borders for drug smugglers, now they watch for possible Italian infringements of Egyptian neutrality. Italian maps showing Egypt as an Italian possession leave little doubt as to Mussolini's ultimate intentions towards that country

A French-bred horse, Pont l'Eveque, appropriately won the first Derby of the war, run at Newmarket (scene of four substitute Derbys last war). Owned and trained by Fred Darling, ridden by S. Wragg, Pont l'Eveque sailed home by three lengths and at 10 to 1. The favourite, Lord Derby's Lighthouse II., was third. This was the first time since Tom Walls won with April the Fifth that an owner-trainer has led in the Derby winner



Beverley Baxter "Goes To It" With Aeroplanes

Eleven years ago Lord Beaverbrook made Beverley Baxter editor-in-chief and director of the *Daily Express*. Eleven days ago Lord Beaverbrook, Minister for Aircraft Production, announced that Beverley Baxter had been appointed to the control of factory operations at works making aircraft, aero engines, and their components. So these two Canadians who worked together for a large number of years putting news and opinions on paper are now collaborators in getting warplanes in the air. Beverley Baxter was an engineer with the Canadian Expeditionary Force in the last war, came to London in 1920 and joined the *Daily Express* staff, moved rapidly upwards in the Beaverbrook regiment of go-ahead young journalists, becoming managing editor of the *Sunday Express* in 1922 and of the *Daily Express* two years later. He went into politics in 1935 as Conservative Member for Wood Green, Middlesex. Journalistically, he now owes allegiance, as editorial adviser to Allied Newspapers, to Lord Kemsley. As a writer he is known pseudonymously to *Sunday Times* readers, and for his most recent book, *Men, Martyrs, and Mountebanks*

The Christening of Ian Archibald George Scott

The second son of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Archibald Craufurd Scott was christened at Wykeham Abbey, Yorkshire. Mrs. Scott (above, right) was the Hon. Ruth Dawnay before her 1937 marriage, is Lord Downe's only sister. Holding the baby is Mrs. Shelling, Mrs. Scott's sister-in-law. Captain Scott is in the Green Howards

Rinalda Malvina Baird is the daughter of Flying-Officer the Hon. Greville and Mrs. Baird (left), who were married last year. He is Viscount Stonehaven's younger son; she was Gelda MacGregor, of Cardney. The christening was at Dunkeld Cathedral

Rinalda Malvina Baird is Christened

Miss Rosemary Crichton and Flying-Officer Toby Musker

Flying-Officer J. H. L. (Toby) Musker, R.A.F.V.R. (late 7th Hussars), and Rosemary Julian Maitland-Makgill-Crichton were married at St. George's, Hanover Square. He is the elder son of Major and Mrs. Herbert Musker, of Rushford Hall, Norfolk. She is the younger daughter of the late Major Charles Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, and Mrs. Maitland-Makgill-Crichton, of Monzie Castle, Perthshire

Social Register

Viscount and Viscountess Kelburn

Lieut. Lord Kelburn, R.N., and his wife were racing together at Windsor. He is the elder son and heir of the Earl of Glasgow, who was also a sailor. She was Dorothea Lyle. They were married in 1937, and have an eleven-months-old son

The Hon. Mrs. Lambton and Her Son

The Hon. Mrs. George Lambton and her son, Teddy Lambton, were also at the Windsor meeting. Her husband, the famous trainer, wrote one of the best letters supporting wartime racing in the recent "Times" correspondence

Sec.-Lt. and Mrs. Hamish Currie

A young married couple at Windsor were the Curries, whose wedding took place last November. He was then a private. He is the son of Sir William and Lady Currie, and she was Babette Talbot Baines

Miss Maitland-Makgill-Crichton's Attendants

Lady Anne FitzRoy, Viscountess Parker, the Hon. Lelgarde Philipps, Miss Anne Hoare and Miss Nina Hood were attendants on Rosemary Crichton when she married Flying-Officer Toby Musker. They wore white, with red-rose coronets and bouquets. The page, in Drummond tartan, was the bride's cousin, Malcolm Drummond-Hay. Lady Parker was the Hon. Valerie Mansfield before her wedding two years ago

Mr. Hubbard and the Hon. Mrs. Royds

Ralph Arthur Hubbard, of the Cottage, Goodwood, Chichester, son of the late Capt. Gerald Hubbard, and Mrs. Hubbard, and the Hon. Mrs. Marian Royds, of Pennway, Knotty Green, Beaconsfield, were married at Chichester. Mrs. Royds is the daughter of Lord and Lady Ashfield; she has a son by her first husband, James Rutland, and a daughter by her second husband, J. H. Royds

Lady Katherine Howard and Lieut. Anthony Phillips

Anthony Phillips, King's Dragoon Guards, and Lady Katherine Mary Fitzalan-Howard, second of the Duke of Norfolk's three sisters, were married very quietly at Everingham Park, the Dowager Duchess of Norfolk's Yorkshire home. The Duke, who had only just got back from Dunkirk, gave his sister away. Mr. Phillips is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Phillips, of Oldbury Grange, Nuneaton

Capt. Sidney and the Hon. Jacqueline Vereker and Her Father

Captain William Philip Sidney, Grenadier Guards, and the Hon. Jacqueline Vereker, only daughter of General Viscount Gort, V.C., were married at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks. They were photographed at the reception at 40, Lennox Gardens, the house of the bridegroom's parents. Captain Sidney is the only son of the Hon. William and Mrs. Sidney, and nephew of Lord De Lisle and Dudley. The bride is an officer in the A.T.S.

"Two ladies to see you, Madam, in your capacity as Mrs. Sensible"

"I think I'll pay the extra and go first class on the boat"

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Come Out of Your Shell" (Criterion)

FOR the first time in its history, the Criterion Theatre has become the home of revue, which innovation tempts me to reflect on its past and on the happy age when I would be taken by my parents to see Charles Wyndham and Mary Moore in their Victorian-Edwardian heyday in *David Garrick*, and *Rosemary*, and the comedies of Henry Arthur Jones, and the soufflés of Hubert Henry Davies—but I mustn't dwell on that lest I should be mistaken for one of those old fogeys who fondly imagine that the past was sweeter than this glorious present. But since it is closely associated with my childhood, it is natural that I should nurse an affection for the Criterion Theatre which, being underground, was formerly sometimes described as a death-trap, and has now, by the whirligig of time, become an ideal safety-shelter.

WITH its bijou boxes and slender columns, the Criterion is one of the prettiest theatres in London, and the only theatre in London with an auditorium rake both ways, by which I mean towards the centre from the sides as well as towards the stage from the back, the advantage of this being that it enables one more seat to be squeezed into each row, and the devil take the angle. As for the pillars, some of these are not so slender after all, and I have been told that when Bernard Shaw was a critic (oh, to have looked upon the beard when it was red!), he was once given a seat immediately behind a pillar which quite obscured his view. As a logical consequence of which, his notice, when it appeared, consisted of a detailed description of the architectural and æsthetic properties of this pillar, but whether he condemned it or advised all London to go to see it, I couldn't tell you.

THE revue now at the Criterion has been written by Leslie Julian Jones (music and lyrics) and Aubrey Ensor (sketches), and, like most revues, is a mixture of quite good things, and quite bad things, and things quite middling. There is a jolly Spring Song (by Joan Stevenson), and a nice sketch on French exercises, and a clever satire on the incompetence of Cabinet Ministers (a theme, however, no longer funny), and a daring trio for three Lesbians, and a lot of mediocre boy-and-girl or just girl numbers for Greta Gynt. Annette Mills with her songs makes a most accomplished guest artist. Magda Kun is a vivacious treat, and sings "I've Put My Heart in Store" (by Bernard Miles) most movingly. Frank Pettingell occupies a large section of the stage as the Last of the Principal Boys. Nadine March, a most self-effacing performer, is twice as useful as she appears. And Wilfrid Hyde White is the man in this show for my money.

A very cheerful Pinocchio (Magda Kun)

THE best turn of the night is a Strong Man turn, gay, gaudy, and deliriously funny. This, surely, should be the turn before the finish, sending the audience away in high good humour. Instead of which, the place of honour is given to a mild sketch with a very feeble black-out—or was given on the first night. But this may now have been remedied.

Sketches by Rouson

Phyllis, a faithful shepherdess (Greta Gynt)

Saturday night at the local: Reuben (Frank Pettingell) and Garge (Wilfrid Hyde White)

Beyond the pale: a sinner from St. John's Wood (Nadine March)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"I don't know how you can sit there and say we're not fighting the German people"

BARRING a skilful and biting adaptation by the *Daily Mail's* cartoonist of a famous *Punch* drawing featuring King Albert of the Belgians, our native cartoonist boys have not produced much that lingers in the memory, so far. Doubtless the deadly elephantine monotony of the Nazi technique has been clogging their style, and if some of them have been inclined, speaking generally, to draw a prostrate female figure under a large jackboot, labelling it successively "Austria," "Czechoslovakia," "Poland," and so forth, and leaving it at that, one can hardly blame them. However, one is compelled to hand it to them as a body for leaving those traditional lay-figures Britannia and John Bull, in the cupboard for a change. John Bull, in our unfortunate view, might be left there for good—it's probably time Great Britain left off being symbolised as a nation by a beefwitted Early Victorian lout, a perpetual gift to hostile foreign cartoonists. (His bulldog might be attached to Britannia for pay and rations instead of that lion. Although one of the most stupid and sentimental of dumb chums, at least a bulldog looks less comic from the rear.) As for Britannia herself, our feelings towards her vary. There are times when she visits our dreams august and beautiful and awe-inspiring as Pallas Athene, and other times when the cartoonist boys — led by the National Comic—make her look a perfect fool, congratulating Test cricketers and such horse-faced rabble. If such degradations could be spared her, Britannia would probably be our ideal representative, being moreover a gentlewoman, whereas Marianne, symbol of the Third Republic, looks like a Dieppe fishwife. The essential gentility of Britannia is so obvious, indeed, that only two light-minded British artists have ever ventured to take liberties with her, so far as we know—E. T. Reed, who drew her in Yellow Book days *à la* Aubrey Beardsley, leering, sinuous, and decadent, and Max Beerbohm, who drew that jolly picture of her dancing on Hampstead Heath and changing hats with her boy-friend, Kipling.

Whether John Bull is a more idiotic and embarrassing racial symbol than Uncle Sam one or two Americans we know are disposed to query, their point being that hick for hick and hayseed for hayseed, John Bull at least is a dumb cluck, whereas Uncle Sam is the type that will go on rasping like a circular saw for weeks on end. Both might be scrapped with a lot of other rubbish when the time comes.

Doom

WHERE the Old Gang are going to eat now that the Savoy Grill has closed "for economic reasons" is indeed a heartrending mystery, throwing us into a state of deathly indifference. It's the advertising and City boys whose future we care about least; next to them the smart theatre crowd and its hangers-on; next to them the glossy booksy mob, authors, publishers, narks, and decoys; and next to them the Americans, who after all were but breathing their native air, though in the Savoy Grill booksy lions devouring their food were never roped around for the mob to stare at, as at the Algonquin. On the other hand, the place was always amusing to students of the human comedy after a smart first-night, especially at the beginning of the war, when actors in battle-dress could often make as many as three entrances into the Grill in fifteen minutes, to a fanfare of non-existent trumpets. We've often wondered whether supper-time at Romano's in the Edwardian period was really as amusing. Old boulevardiers will rave to you about the pretty girls, the Gaiety show-pieces, the Guardees and the actors and Phil May and the sporting men, and "the Roman," with his carefully-broken English, chatting with everybody and occasionally lending fivers to hard-up friends. Granted that Life ran smoother and gayer in that sunshiny Saturnian age (for those who could afford it), there probably isn't much difference between the two supper-crowds then and now, except in costume and the size of the bill.

It was the lunch-time crowd at the Savoy Grill which always interested us even more: the myriad business boys putting it over "prospects," publishers putting it over authors, authors over critics, critics over God knows whom—we've never closely examined beings who can be fooled or dictated to by critics, but they look from a distance like cross-eyed white mice—and the whole merry racket roaring away like a country fair. By being abstemious and very, very watchful, though of course polite, we took

(Concluded on page 352)

"Yes, Gabriel's all right in a way, but I prefer Louis Armstrong"

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Blimey, are you still 'ere, mate? Thought you was filled with concrete and sunk, to block up the 'arbour at Dunkirk" (Answer censored)

Standing By . . .

(Continued from page 350)

quite a few luncheons at the Savoy Grill off brisk chaps who thought they had us right where they wanted us, the dotted line already signed, the bag closed and sealed; but we got away without much hurt, and many have done the same. It 's a pity not caring where the habitual Grill crowd goes now, but there it is. Our feeling is it may seep by degrees into the Restaurant, but even that prospect makes our pulse beat no faster.

Suggestion

As we are not particularly *aficionado* of Thos. ("Misery") Hardy, the centenary celebrations in Dorchester the other day appealed to us only in their mildly amusing aspects—we mean the bland efforts of the bishop Earl Baldwin, and the other bigwigs taking part to turn Fate's poor little melancholy football into a Big National Figure with a Message For All. We 've rarely read so many high-sounding sonorous speeches, even from British big-bonnets, about as pregnant with meaning as the cracking of thorns under a pot, as Whistler said of Ruskin. Far better, we thought sympathetically, to have said nothing and left the centenary to the folkdancers and the Mellstock choir (in costume), or, if speech was urgently required, to call in somebody (say Somerset Maugham) with a sense of reality and some European experience. We know as well as you do that Slogger Maugham has formally denied that Ted Driffield in that delightful sock-in-the-jaw *Cakes and Ale* is Thomas Hardy, but the boys are so similar that it makes no great odds in practice. Reading *The Times* account of the centenary goings-on one felt like a man drowning slowly in a pond of treacle. A dash of the old Maugham acid would have worked wonders, and probably blown the whole complacent business sky-high.

Check

At the cross-roads stood a patient policeman, holding up motorists and politely demanding and examining their identity-cards. And we trust we weren't alone in asking high Heaven what possible use such an impressive ceremony can be to anybody on earth, seeing that the present identity-cards (as you might expect) carry no photograph or any other means of instant identification whatsoever, and are about as informative as one of those fortune-cards you get out of a slot-machine on Brighton Pier. "La forme, Messieurs!" as Maurras or somebody used to cry derisively at the pontiffs of Radical-Socialism. "La forrrr-rrrme!" It 's typical of Whitehall, as of any other bureaucracy, to waste money, time and effort in this manner. You 'd think, if they spurn the aid of photography, they 'd at least allow space, as in other ages, for a brief description of the physical attractions of the citizen involved, enabling his pan to be distinguished, if necessary, from all those other millions of British dials which, once seen, are never remembered (Wilde). But no. Merely a number, a name, an address and a signature. We can see in our mind's eye the official responsible for this help to victory, and we 're mentally filling-up his identity-card. He wears a bowler hat and carries an exquisitely-rolled umbrella, his linen is immaculate, his trousers striped, his manner dry, precise, and utterly satisfied, his eye remote, cold, and glassy, like a dead cod's, his mind resembles the essential guts of a typewriter, his aspirations are strictly departmental, his pleasures (if any) are neat, dim, and chilly, his soul resembles a dried cob-nut, his method of making love—dear Heaven! What secrets, and of what grisly alcoves! Even Balzac, who flinched at nothing, would have turned away shuddering. We 'd better leave that out.

Incidentally, don't think that bowler-hat-and-umbrella stuff needn't be mentioned on our official's identity-card. They are not articles of wear and ornament, but a state of mind, and therefore a valuable clue for Scotland Yard.

Exodus

Miss Mary Davey, who celebrated her 108th birthday at Brighton the other day, has seen a few striking changes in that resort since she was born there in 1832, but none, we dare swear, more striking than the most recent one, namely, the exodus of most of that bright exotic population which swarmed into Brighton from the Middle East (counting Aldgate) at the outbreak of war and has now left for somewhere safer. This migratory Oriental habit also bobbed up for inspection in the Commons recently, when some M.P. or other wanted a naturalised knight deprived of his title on the ground that he has twice skedaddled to America since war broke out, and is still taking cover there. It 's just an age-old urge, an authority tells us, to keep the torso out of danger, and it isn't exclusively racial, since two or three of our Nordic poetry boys, youthful idols of the Left Wing, are preening themselves in Californian suns at this moment, safe and sound.

As for Brighton, a chap who was there lately says the place is looking rather washed-out now all those gaily-tinted birds have flown away. Miss Davey would possibly (he thinks) remember the same "dead" feel in the Brighton air just after William IV. died and the last lingering Regency buck pacing the Steyne and ogling the Cyprians heard to his dismay of the awful virtues of the régime to come. The fact is that Brighton, still remembering in her dreams and hankering after the colourful gambols of the Regent and his buddies, constantly needs a gobbet of exoticism as other hags need a gobbet of spirits. We wouldn't compare the kind she gets nowadays with the kind she got in her prime, naturally; but you might remember, when normal times return and the gay parrakeets fly back, voluble and ubiquitous, to Brighton front, that Brighton isn't just doing it to annoy. She really needs 'em, poor old trollop.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"How say you, Brierly, excessive stimulation of the system due to an over-sufficiency of alcohol?"

Women in Uniform—the Women's Royal Naval Service

Down at Devonport Wrens lead their hardworking lives under the eyes of a huge wooden queen—the imposing ship's figurehead known as the Royal Adelaide. The ship from which it came was built at Plymouth in 1827, was originally to be called the London, was re-named after Adelaide, wife of the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., when he became Lord High Admiral. The Royal Adelaide never set sail, but remained at Plymouth as a guard ship and receiving ship; was broken up in 1905. The three uniformed girls walking under her orb here are, left to right, Leading Wren Miles, daughter of Rear-Admiral Miles, who works in the record office, Leading Wren Brewer, and Wren Stratford, her messenger. More pictures of the W.R.N.S. at Devonport are on the next two pages

The Women's Royal Naval Service

(Continued from page 353)

The W.R.N.S., who did such valuable work in the last war, are once again active. The present W.R.N.S. is a new service, re-formed in 1939, and has now reached a strength of some five thousand. They do for the Navy what the A.T.S. does for the Army: take on any shore job which may free a man for fighting, the bulk of their work being clerical and domestic, although some of it is confidential. A few W.R.N.S. served in the last war, but the age limit, which is 18 to 50, excludes many veterans. Personnel is drawn from all classes and occupations, though most of the women have family connections with the Navy. The Duchess of Kent is Commandant, Mrs. Laughton Mathews is Director of the W.R.N.S. All these pictures were taken in the Naval Barracks at Devonport, where W.R.N.S. are reported by the Naval Command to be doing good work

Director *of the W.R.N.S. is Mrs. Laughton Mathews, daughter of the late Sir John Laughton, the Naval historian. Her rank corresponds with that of Rear-Admiral. With her is Miss E. M. Goodenough, Deputy Director (equal to a Captain), who is a cousin of Admiral Sir William Goodenough*

In command *of the W.R.N.S. at Devonport is Superintendent Welby (right), whose rank corresponds to that of a Commander. With her is Sec. Officer Hutchinson. Both officers come from Naval families, have sons serving; and Superintendent Welby is the daughter of Admiral H. Lyon*

Dinner *in the Sergeants' Mess at the Royal Marine Barracks, Plymouth, is served by Wrens acting as stewards. Wren King and Leading Wren Baker are on duty, left*

Wardroom silver *is cleaned daily under the supervision of Warrant Steward Franks, in charge of wardroom personnel. Much silver has been put away, but over 200 cruets, among other things, are still in use. Polishers here are Wrens Sugden, Morris and Lewis*

Officers, *Chief Wrens and Petty Officer Wrens all wear hat badges like those of their Naval counterparts, except that they are blue instead of gold, while Leading Wrens and Wrens wear cap ribbons. Wrens worked in the naval galleys in the last war, and some of those who served between 1914-18 are again in service*

Cake-cutting *by machine is one of the many jobs to be done, and Wren Gall, in white overall and chef's cap, works hard. Her mother is also in one of the galleys*

Meat *for cooking is carved up by Wrens Gull, Plum, Warren and Windsor. Most Wrens live at home, and arrangements are made for those who live too far away, the Royal Hotel, Devonport, having been taken over as quarters, but they all eat in their own Mess. Enormous quantities of food are prepared weekly, 4 tons of potatoes and 2 of meat used daily, and 30 to 40 thousand eggs a week*

Rabbits *in scores are prepared for cooking by Wrens Hay, Brown, Dawe, Watts, Guile and Campbell. As many as 1500 have been used for one meal. Almost all Wrens are relations of sailors, and at Devonport most of them are local people. Oil fuel is used for the kitchen ranges in the galleys, and the women are not allowed to go near the stoves and enormous steamers*

Tea is an important meal, and about 8000 rock-cakes a day are made in the Bakery at Devonport. Wrens Hall, Burdon and Murphy are seen stacking them on wooden trays as they come from the oven. Besides these, half a ton of large cakes are baked every week. Bread, jam or marmalade or sardines, with cakes and pastries, are served

Cooks *only prepare the food in the galleys, although in the Officers' Mess Kitchen they both prepare and cook about 150 breakfasts, 300 lunches and 150 dinners, the stoves there being gas and electric, not oil-fed. Fifty-nine cooks are waited on in their own Mess by other Wrens. The galleys used to be staffed entirely by men, but have been taken over by the Wrens, who prepare enormous quantities of food for many messes every week*

Pay-day *is Thursday. W.R.N.S. earn from 1s. a day, including food and lodging allowances; specialised jobs get higher pay. Left to right: Chief Wren Pullen (in charge of 86 Wardroom Stewards), Chief Petty Officer Steward Hoskins, Warrant Steward Franks, 2nd Officer Hutchinson and Wren Murphy. Warrant Steward Franks went with the Duke and Duchess of York to Australia, and was afterwards in their service at 145, Piccadilly*

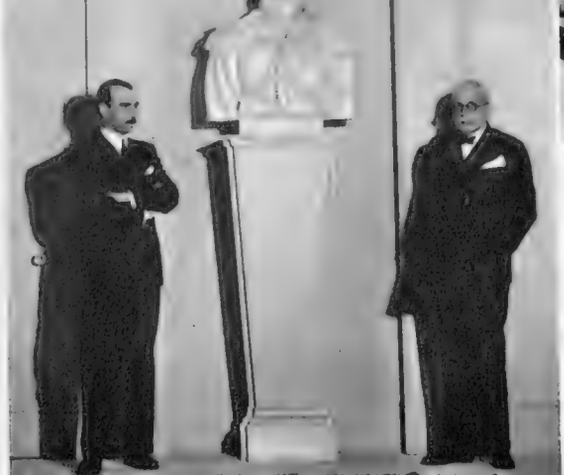
Embassy hostess *is Mlle. Manuela Le Breton, niece of the Ambassador, here standing beneath one of the family portraits in the drawing-room at 49, Belgrave Square. His Excellency being a widower, his niece entertains for him*

The dining-room *at 49, Belgrave Square is magnificent. are the chairs of soft olive-green leather, which match the walls are also green. Le Breton family silver is displa*

Don Tomás Le Breton *descends the Embassy With him is his young cousin Peronelle, daughter o E. P. Le Breton, R.E., of the English branch of the member of H.M. Hon. Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms*

Interior alterations *at the Argentine Embassy have recently been extensive, and the elegant staircase, formerly in the centre of the hall, has been moved to this corner of what was once an open courtyard*

Ambassador and Attaché *M. Oscar Marino are seen beside Drivier's bust of General San Martin, national hero and liberator of South America, which has been given a place of honour*



His Excellency's *study collection of photographs of perso Dr. Ortiz, President of the Arg Pius XII., President Roose On the wall hangs a portrait o of Don Tomás, Sir Thomas the High Court of Jersey. of a distinguished Jersey fami which went out to South Am*

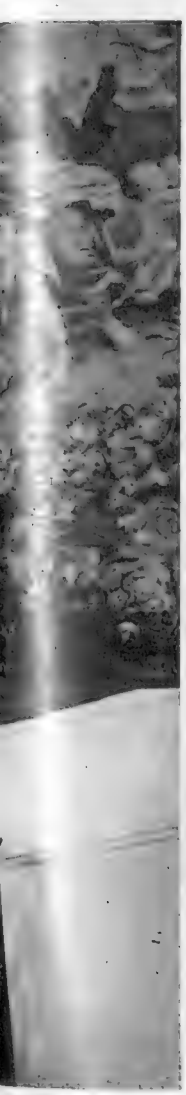
The "Bystander" Visits

The Argentine Embassy

When Hitler unleashed total war on Europe, the great neutrals of the western hemisphere began to stir apprehensively. In the last week or two the Latin countries of South America have realised that Nazi penetration and propaganda might be forerunners of graver perils. In the Argentine the Liberal Government is taking every precaution to prevent Fifth Column activities. A special Session of the Chamber of Deputies was called to deal with a Bill designed to strengthen national sovereignty, and to suspend the naturalisation of belligerent subjects. Even so, pamphlets have since been received through the post by thousands of Buenos Aires residents, telling them of "a world to come" with Hitler as its leader, so doubtless even sterner measures will be necessary against propagandists. Another Bill devotes the equivalent of $40,000,000 to supply the Argentine army with four hundred new aeroplanes; a similar expansion of naval air defence was also proposed. Supporting his country's neutral policy in London is Señor Don Tomás Le Breton, who has been Argentina's Ambassador to the Court of St. James's since 1938. Trained as a lawyer, he has spent much of the last twenty years in diplomatic circles on both sides of the Atlantic, having been Ambassador in Washington and Paris. He was recalled to his country to be Minister of Agriculture from 1922 to 1926. Social and educational questions have also interested Don Tomás, and it was he who founded Argentina's Popular University. A man of large private fortune, he is a great art-lover and his taste has turned the Embassy in Belgrave Square from a fine house into a beautiful home

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

One of its features silk curtains. The ed on the side-table



staircase. f Colonel family, a ince 1931

ontains a treasured nal friends, including entine Republic, Pope elt, General Franco. one of the ancestors Le Breton, Judge of e Ambassador comes ily, of French origin, erica a century ago

English Thriller

Diana Wynyard and Ginger

"Gaslight"

"Gaslight," Patrick Hamilton's fine thriller, has now been transferred to the screen. It's all about a Victorian husband who has murdered his aunt and is now trying to drive his wife mad by hiding things, like the picture above, and then attempting to make her believe that it was she who hid them without knowing it. Anton Walbrook and Diana Wynyard are the husband and wife

***The maid** (Cathleen Cordell) plays an important part in "Gaslight" as confederate of the villainous husband. Here Mrs. Mallen (Diana Wynyard) discovers that her cameo brooch is missing. Round this loss the solution of the thriller is built. The Victorian setting and atmosphere are an important part of the story*

***The unhappy wife** is Diana Wynyard, who takes in the film the part in which Gwen Ffrangçon-Davies made such a tremendous success when "Gaslight" was at the Apollo last spring. Anton Walbrook plays the sly, brutal husband whom Dennis Arundell created on the stage*

***A retired detective** saves the "Gaslight" situation. Frank Pettingell is Rough (Milton Rosmer in the play), and his young assistant, Cobb, is Jimmy Hanley. The film was produced and directed by John Corfield and Thorold Dickinson, and went to the Odeon on Monday*

—American Romance

Rogers in Two New Films

"Primrose Path"

Father and husband *of Ginger Rogers are Homer (Miles Mander), once a scholar, now a drunkard, and Ed (Joel McCrea), who runs a petrol station and snack-bar where Ginger goes to work before she marries the boss*

Café flirtation *between Ed (Joel McCrea) and a local beauty gives Ginger a nasty shock when she goes looking for him after he's kissed her. But she makes him marry her, and some of the film is about their stormy early days together*

"Primrose Path" *has a low-life setting in an American coastal city. The family to which Ginger Rogers belongs includes Grandma (Queenie Vassar), Mamie, the mother of the family (Marjorie Rambeau), Mamie's friend (Vivienne Osborne), Mamie's younger daughter, Honeybell (Joan Carroll)*

Ginger Rogers *doesn't dance or sing or look glamorous in "Primrose Path": she's just a poor, raggety girl who works in a waterfront snack-bar and has lots of troubles with her family and the man she marries. Gregory La Cana produced and directed this new film of hers, in which Joel McCrea is her latest team-mate. It went to the Gaumont on Friday*

"A Thousand Times Neigh!"

A Motor-Car Ballet at the New York Fair

The first commercially sponsored ballet has been put on at the Ford Exposition at the New York Fair. "Maybe we're starting something," said Edsel Ford. "In order to flourish ballet must be functional," and he thinks commercial sponsoring may bring a revival of ballet as it has of marionette shows and symphony music (his order of words). *A Thousand Times Neigh!* is being given twelve times a day in the Ford Playhouse while the Fair is open. "In order to maintain such continuous production, the systematic planning and precision of manufacturing autos on an assembly line have been employed." Each part has been rehearsed by four dancers, dresses have been made in threes, two a day and one at the cleaners, and there is, of course, a revolving stage. Art purists may groan, critics may be silent: the ballet is playing to capacity houses

***Dobbin** is the star of "A Thousand Times Neigh!" Theme of the ballet: grandfather's driving-horse thinks the motor-car will send him to the ashcan, but instead he is transformed into a "leisure-class creature." Above, he catches sight of the first horseless buggy grinding up a hill*

***First American motor-car** appears in 1903, and the dashing young man drops the reins and seizes the wheel when he wants to take his girl on an outing. Individual dancers are unnamed because there are two and a half companies of performers, and each part can be taken by four different dancers ...*

***The horse** by 1920 is only a decoration to American life, and Dobbin's ballet role is to lead a folk-dancing party and call the figures for the "farmerettes" and their partners. Designer and producer of this ballet is Walter Dorwin Teague, who designed the Ford Exposition for the New York World's Fair. Music is by Tom Bennett, a young composer on the staff of the National Broadcasting Company*

***Stream-lined finale** ends the ballet for which Lincoln Kirstein and William Dollar, director and choregrapher, have combined classical, modern and folk styles of dancing. Kirstein and Dollar are both well known in the American ballet world. The former founded and runs the School of American Ballet from which many of the Ford ballet dancers were drawn, and has produced many works based on native American subjects. Dollar is a choregrapher and dancer who has been with the American Ballet and more lately the Ballet Theatre*

Films of the Day

Who Wants Monday's Mutton Re-hashed?

By George Campbell

THERE was a time when Hollywood producers copied each other's successes; and if anyone complained of plagiarism they said: "Aw, it's just a cycle." Now they have given up repeating each other and taken to repeating themselves. If any firm wants to re-issue an old favourite, and the public want to see it, that's all right with me. What I object to is the camouflaged re-make, Monday's cold mutton served up as duck *à la presse*. The title is changed, new players are thrown in, the dialogue hotted up a bit. Sometimes the plot is altered to "conform with modern trends"—meaning that if a rival has a new idea it is lifted. But no matter how you serve it, it's still Monday's mutton. Before you have seen one reel (if I may drop metaphor), something ominously familiar about the thing comes back to you, as a drowning man is said to see his guilty past flickering before his eyes in Technicolor. And since you have paid to see a new film, and not a re-hash, you are apt to feel you have been swindled.

IF you ask the producers why they do these things, they always give the same explanation. It seems there just ain't no more stories being written. If you mention half-a-dozen books or subjects that you think would make excellent film material, the expert, patronisingly, gloomily, wags his head. That stuff's too heavy: in times like these you just gotta have something to make the customers laugh. Or it's too light: with everybody thinking and talking war this is no time for levity. Or the idea's wrong. A similar picture has been made before, and you gotta be original, see? Or nothing like it has ever been done, and it stands to reason that if there was any dough in it, it would have been done, and in times like these you can't afford to gamble.

What Hamburger (of Colossal Hamburger, Inc.) wants is something that strikes a new note for which the public has unmistakably demonstrated its affection at the box-office. And just when you are realising that problems like this are pretty tough on Hamburger, his face lifts. He'll let you in on a story. A big story. Next week he goes into production with a new colossal. And when he tells you the title your eyes will stick out on stalks. Yep, he's going to make *The Private Life of Sydney Carton*, by Dickens. And just wait while he tells you the story. . . .

"YEARS WITHOUT DAYS" is a case in point. Eight years ago, as *20,000 Years in Sing-Sing*, with Spencer Tracy as the likeable young racketeer and Bette Davis as his well-meaning girl friend who is dumb enough to go driving with a crooked lawyer on a dark road, it was an efficient melodrama with a climax calculated to jerk tears from a stone.

Now the Warner Brothers have re-made it, with John Garfield and Ann Sheridan. Miss Sheridan is a personable young woman, no matter what Harvard sophomores may think, but for me Mr. Garfield is poor value for Mr. Tracy. Otherwise the story is hardly changed. The hero is still the convict allowed out of prison on parole to see his dying sweetheart, who at a pinch is strong enough to sit up in bed and shoot holes in the crooked lawyer; he still sacrifices liberty and life to save the warden's job; the director even repeats such incidentals as the simple-minded murderer who plays the mouth-organ as he walks to the chair, lamenting that he hasn't had quite long enough to master it. Is it captious to suggest that there is only one important difference? Having seen the thing once, one has no desire to be harrowed in exactly the same way again.

"THE FIRST REBEL" has not, so far as I know, been filmed before, and I hope it won't be again. It is supposed to be an unfamiliar chapter in the history of Pennsylvania about the time of the Seven Years' War, when greedy traders were supplying guns and tomahawks to Indians so that they could scalp the settlers more efficiently, and guns to settlers so that they could cope with the Indian menace. Precisely the technique, in fact, of the modern armament king who did such pretty business with the South American republics . . . "If I could tell you what Chile is buying from me. . . ."

A few years ago such a film would certainly have been anti-British. Hollywood, which goes out of its way to give films a friendly slant these days, is at pains to explain that the settlers are not disloyal to the King and that the British officer responsible for maintaining order in this neck of the woods has been deceived by unscrupulous traders. The rest is just the good old cowboys-and-crooked-sheriff formula, with a rattle of shots and a galloping horse whenever the plot wears thin. There is some fine Paul Revere stuff, but the settlers' siege of the fort, abandoned by the British garrison after the attackers have spent a day or so firing over their heads without causing a single casualty, seemed to me about as convincing as a nursery game with lead soldiers. I found it hard to believe, too, that an eighteenth-century backwoods counsel for the defence thought of testing a murdered man's shirt for powder burns, or that even a British officer of the period would have found the experiment necessary. You don't have to be a G-man to find something rotten in the State of Pennsylvania when a bullet from the villain's big-bore horse-pistol is supposed to have come from the hero's small-bore rifle.

But what's the odds? The main thing is, I suppose, that General Gage gallops up (mataphorically speaking) just in time to shoot the rope through. John Wayne and Claire Trevor, whom you will have seen in *Stage Coach*, do their best to put flesh on the studio bones, and it's not their fault if the skeleton still gives out the same old friendly rattle.

The Oomph Girl in a Prison Drama

Ann ("Oomph Girl") Sheridan has been put in a prison drama. "Years Without Days" gives our critic his theme this week—the re-hashing of old films into new, this being "20,000 Years in Sing-Sing" in another guise. John Garfield is the hero (above), and Ann Sheridan is his girl friend. Also in the film is Burgess Meredith, who was so good as George in "Of Mice and Men." "Years Without Days" was directed by Anatole Litvak, went to the Warner Theatre last week

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

Happy As Hell

By V. S. Pritchett

From slump to war and all of us accessories before the fact: that is the history of the '30's, and the novelists with a news sense are beginning to get to work on it. They are not being kind, but who is kind to the immediate past? Rising by stepping-stones of our dead selves to higher things, we are more inclined to smirk uncomfortably at our past than to raise a respectful hat.

To the Americans whose smirking has not yet been cut short by war, the period is still a Bacchanalia of political dirt-throwing. In *Decade* (Gollancz; 8*s.* 3*d.*), Mr. Stephen Longstreet spreads himself almost cheerfully over his victims. They are a rich New York group, dominated by an octogenarian old he-goat who contorts the nerves of his family by his cheerful gluttony, his drinking and vigorous back-slapping. One sees him at his birthday party first of all, coddled by the adoring maids; in the end, years later, he is mourning the death of his grandson who had gone to fight in Spain. The Old One, I suppose, is eupeptic civilisation; his descendants are the dyspeptic hangers-on. His eldest son is in the family business, a raffish old fraud of sixty, given to literary misquotation and talking about his old friend Marcel Proust—a very good portrait this is of the American culture hunter returned to roost, minus his digestion—his Hungarian son-in-law is dealing with the slump and refusing to be mixed up in the financial jugglery of the bankers. He is killed by his own honesty. Fern, the virginal and arty daughter, devoted to string quartettes, begins to feel her blood stirring rather late and her development from highbrow prude to smart wanton, entertaining Italian airmen ("resting" after Madrid) in Paris, is wickedly sketched in. Fern is the born ruin of artists. There is a host of minor characters; a grotesque pair of shabby lawyers, in particular, stage a New York version of Dodson and Fogg. The Old One, in his gregarious role of civilisation, has travelled far and bred freely and some strange relations make an appearance. "Nails," for example, is distinctly underworld, and so is his girl who sums up the general feeling of gaiety in the book when she exclaims genially that she is "as happy as hell." A news-reel races through: "1938—A swell year. Foreign Secretary Eden resigned. Heil, Chamberlain! How that man loves peace! Adores it! 'He knows you can play ball with tigers,' said the Old One. 'Sure just feed them a few arms and legs of the children standing around.' . . . Good chap, that Lindbergh, to help us out with a good scare-head just when we needed it most. Banal but good. . . . Poor Mussolini! He walks behind Hitler's horse now and keeps the dung-gatherer company." This is a clever, acid, festive, hard-boiled piece of literary Peter Arno and without the Arno fatigue.

"Bartimeus" at His Daughter's Wedding

Miss Pamela Ricci was given away by her father, Paymaster-Captain L. A. da Costa Ricci, C.V.O., R.N., when she married Lieut. W. B. Whitworth, R.N., at Christ Church, Kensington. Captain Ricci, well known for the sea stories he writes under the name of "Bartimeus," broadcast on the evacuation of Dunkirk in a postscript to the news on June 1st

Mr. Edward Crankshaw's *What Glory?* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is on a similar but English theme and is written less vividly but with more thoughtfulness and sensibility. It is an attempt to analyse the moral corruption which afflicted English public life until the end of the Chamberlain period. But Mr. Crankshaw moves very slowly and sniffs round and round his subject with the reluctance of a well-bred peke. His chief character is Oliver, the younger son of one of those landed families whose traditional sense of public responsibility began to decline with the last war when their money declined, too. Responsibility revives in Oliver and takes the form of driving him to fight against the Fascists in Spain. Mr. Crankshaw takes the view—not hitherto common in the numerous novels on this subject—that Oliver was mistaken, that his action may be symptomatic of a class decadence and is, anyway, morally at sea. Morality without dogma: that is what was wrong with Oliver and the rest of us, says Mr. Crankshaw. And might have added that we were fighting (and still are) dogmas which have no morals. Mr. Crankshaw's matter is real enough; his characters are null.

If a Mass Observer would take a census of the subjects of ordinary English conversation, the question "Did I tell you about my operation?" would come out high on the list. Here doctors have an advantage over us and a good story-teller like Dr. Harold Dearden can make a pleasant little corner in the picaresque of the consulting-rooms. *Time and Chance* (Heinemann; 12*s.* 6*d.*) provides some agreeable skipping. It begins with some moving and horrifying stories of trench doctoring—perhaps not so horrifying to this generation: we have returned to an almost eighteenth-century indifference to brutality and suffering. The cockpit surgeons have nothing on us. Dr. Dearden is one of those who suspect they have the key to the Jack the Ripper mystery. He met a man in France who was convinced that one of the best grown-up friends of his childhood had been Jack the Ripper! The theory sounds plausible. The consulting-room stories, chiefly about matrimony in its unholy condition, are exactly the raw material Pirandello used for his plays.

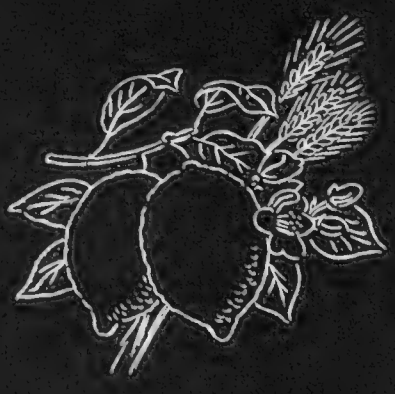
Dr. Weber-Bauler's reminiscences in *From Orient to Occident* (Allen and Unwin; 12*s.* 6*d.*) are very little medical, but are chiefly a diverting footnote to the fantastic history of the Russian exiles who have enlivened Europe for a hundred years. Dr. Bauler's forbears were a difficult mixture of solemn Finns, soul-hungry Russians and Genevan Calvinists and his mother was one of those remarkable women of the intelligentsia, so often drawn by Chekov, who "went to the people" and joined all the advanced political movements in turn. She was with Bakunin. She played at being a factory worker, she worked at socialism, medicine, trailed after Madame Blavatsky and ended happily, at the age of ninety, formidable and given to literature. In England one would write her off as a crank, but she was a dominant if distracted character. Her son not unnaturally reacted against her political interests. He doctored the exiles in Geneva. The Russians always excel at making ordinary life seem intensely full of movement, and this book is enormously readable. Every scene, every creature in it is alive. As for doctoring, one of his early jobs was to look after a lunatic in Italy who, in one of his fits of public protest, attacked the sculpture in the Vatican and struck off their fig-leaves.

"I'd adore a

KIA-ORA"—

A remark you often hear

This time of year.



Cool But Correct

Lingerie Blouses and Polka Dots

Classic accessories that can be worn from season to season, and with one suit after another, are worth the first place in a wardrobe. At Burberry's, in the Haymarket, they have a very individual collection of finely worked blouses, including the model above. This is in white crêpe-de-Chine, finished with lines of stitched strapping, and cut with a waistcoat front so that it can be worn outside the skirt. In the same department they have housecoats and breakfast jackets that seem specially designed for summer brides, as well as their now famous jumpers and cardigans

The spotlight is certainly on summer frocks this year, with polka dots everywhere, in every size from pin-heads to peas. Fenwick's, of 63, New Bond Street, are on the spot with the buttoned-up crêpe dress on the left, cut with a swinging skirt and a flattering corselet waistline. This is one of the models from their new Budget Shop, and costs 59/6, in all sorts of colours. The two other prices in this department are 49/6 and 69/6. Fenwick's also have the right hats, bags, gloves for any of their outfits, at prices to fit in with wartime economy

*"**Free concerts for H.M. Forces**" is the slogan painted on this bus, now a travelling theatre. A group of Edinburgh inhabitants wanted to help entertain lonely outposts of Scottish home defence, beyond the cope of larger shows. Under John Thorburn, well-known Scottish amateur singer, a fund was raised by a series of concerts in Edinburgh—helpers included Sir Harry Lauder—to finance a touring music-hall. The bus, presented by Sir William Thomson, head of a Scottish motor traction company, was converted into a miniature theatre, space made for a tiny platform and portable piano. Since April this music-hall on wheels has covered several thousand miles, giving at least two concerts a day. It never fails to get a full house, is probably the only theatre in Britain that picks up its audience on the way, from among the men off duty at various posts*

A War-Time Road Show

The Scottish Forces Entertainers

***John Thorburn** promises Colonel A. H. A. Hope that they will soon be back to entertain his troops again. S.F.E. does two good turns: it provides engagements for Scottish artists hard hit by the war, and it brings welcome relief to the men watching behind A.-A. guns and searchlights*

***Jean Christie** and her accordion lead the sing-song. (She is leader and trainer of a girls' accordion band.) After two hours' almost non-stop entertainment, artists and audience are old friends. Lighter evenings now make it possible to give most shows in the open air, with the troops gathered round the piano*

***André Latta** baffles them with his card tricks. He helped entertain troops in the last war, was a peace-time concert promoter, has revived his old art of conjuring with great success*

***Running order** of the day's programme is arranged en route by André Latta, conjurer and comedian, Marie May, soubrette, Jean Christie, the accordion girl, and Scottish baritone Robert Burnett, who once found himself singing to hundreds of Canadians temporarily stationed in the district, many of whom he had met during a recent tour of the Dominion*

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings

Lyall — Elliot

Major John Lyall, R.A., son of the late Claude Lyall, and Mrs. Lyall, of the Hurst, Headley, Surrey, was married at Chelsea Old Church to Noreen Elliot, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Elliot, of 5, Grosvenor Place, S.W.1

Ommanney — Stewart

Sub-Lt. Cecil John M. Ommanney, R.N.V.R., of 3, Sloane Court, S.W., was married at Chelsea Old Church to Catherine Bridget Stewart, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Angus M. Stewart, of Ardpatrick, Argyllshire

Lacoste — Macoun

Capt. Gerald Lacoste, Royal Artillery, son of A. J. C. Lacoste, of Eastbourne, and the late Mrs. Lacoste, was married at Marylebone register office to Marcia Macoun, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Macoun, of 115, Clarence Gate Gardens, Regent's Park

Curle — Deane

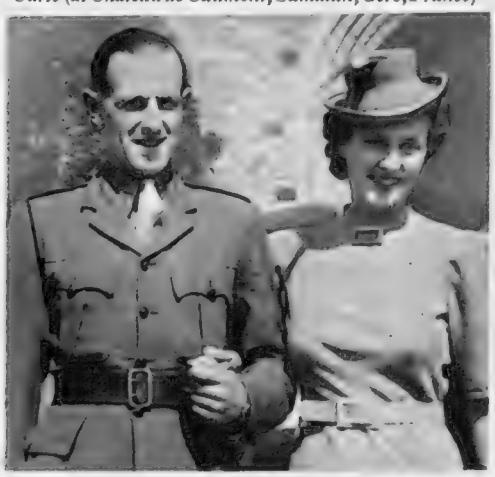
At the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks, John Noël Ormiston Curle, Irish Guards and H.M. Diplomatic Service, was married to Diana Hawtrey Deane, daughter of Comdr. R. H. Deane, R.N., and Mrs. Deane, of Warninglid Grange, Sussex. He is the son of the late Major W. S. N. Curle and of Mrs. Curle (at Château de Caumont, Samatan, Gers, France)

Batterbee — Weightman

Lieut. C. E. Batterbee, Royal Marines, was married at Chelsea Old Church to Pamela Weightman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Weightman, of Harpenden, Herts. His parents are Sir Harry Fagge Batterbee, High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in New Zealand since 1938, and Lady Batterbee, of Wellington, New Zealand

Seward — Tyte

Lieutenant James C. Seward, son of Major and Mrs. R. R. Seward, of 11, Marsham Court, S.W.1, married Susan Elizabeth Tyte at St. Mary's, the Boltons. Her parents are Colonel and Mrs. J. H. Tyte, of 7c, Abbey Road, London, N.W.8



Baines — Le Fleming-Shepherd

John N. Baines, London Rifle Brigade, son of Mrs. Eyton Baines, of Selling Corner, Woking, Surrey, and Dawn Le Fleming-Shepherd, were married quietly at St. Mary's, Horsell, Surrey. Her father was the late Major Le Fleming-Shepherd, M.C., and she is the adopted daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. A. R. F. Kingscote, of the Ridge, Horsell, Woking

Barker — Plant

The wedding of Bernard Leslie Barker and Josephine Mamie Plant took place at Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, Stirling. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Barker, of Cherry Burton House, East Yorks., and her parents are Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Plant, of Hurst Grange, Stirling

Coles — Lewis

Lieut. V. Coles, Royal Signals, third son of the late Sir Richard J. Coles, C.B.E., and of Lady Coles, of Lingfield Avenue, Kingston, Surrey, and Nancy Elsa Lewis, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Lewis, of Lima, Peru, and Surbiton, were married at St. John's, Surbiton

Watney — Señoret

2nd Lieut. John Basil Watney, the Royal Sussex Regiment, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Watney, and grandson of Mrs. Kathleen Lutyens, of 3, Stanford Court, Cornwall Gardens, S.W., and Maria Raquel Señoret, seventeen-year-old younger daughter of the Chilean Ambassador and Mme. Señoret, of 3, Hamilton Place, W.1, were married quietly at St. James's, Spanish Place

Carleton — Rossi

The wedding of Flying Officer Guy Carleton and Gloria Anne Rossi, daughter of the late Colonel A. Rossi, and Mrs. Rossi, of 20, Bury Walk, Chelsea, took place at the Brompton Oratory. He is the elder son of the late Brig.-General F. M. Carleton, D.S.O., and Mrs. Carleton

Nelson — Roy Bird

Henry George Nelson and Pamela Roy Bird were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Street. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Nelson, of the New Hough, Stafford, and she is the younger daughter of the late Ernest Roy Bird, M.P., and Mrs. Roy Bird, of 204, Dolphin Square, S.W.1

Mitchell — Bruce

Edward Bruce Noel Mitchell, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Mitchell, of Albyns, Romford, Essex, and Charity Florence (Cherry) Bruce, second daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Wilfrid Bruce, of Les Pommiers, Jersey, and a niece of Lord Trent, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, by the Bishop of Barking

Gibson — Blundell Brown

A. Creagh Gibson, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, only son of Captain and Mrs. T. G. Gibson, of Welham Hall, Malton, Yorks., and Barbara Maeveen Blundell Brown, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Blundell Brown, of Earls Colne Place, Earls Colne, Essex, were married at St. Mary's, Cadogan Gardens

Russell — Parsons

David Hastings Gerald Russell, R.N.V.R., youngest son of the Hon. Sir Odo and Lady Russell, of 22, Cottesmore Court, W.8, and cousin of Lord Ampthill, and Hester Clere Parsons, younger daughter of the Rev. R. E. and Mrs. Parsons, of Newick Lodge, Newick, Sussex, were married by her father at St. Mary's, Newick

Cunliffe-Lister — Emburey

Pilot-Officer the Hon. Philip Cunliffe-Lister, younger son of Viscount and Viscountess Swinton, of Swinton, Masham, Yorks., and Rosina Gladys Emburey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Emburey, of Cambridge, were married at St. Marguerite's, Guernsey. Lord Swinton was Secretary of State for Air from 1935 to 1938

Motoring Commentary

Driving Behind Closed Windows: By "Spare Wheel"

THE American car-designer has had a brainwave. He proposes that we should drive behind closed windows—if not permanently closed, then closed practically all the time. He will, he says, give us perfect conditions inside the car, fresh air at the right temperature without draughts.

Except perhaps in midsummer heat, that should not be too difficult or extravagant to provide, as true air-conditioning has already shown, and the finest no-draught ventilation known to us falls far short of it. Besides the comfort of the right temperature in fresh but still air, the idea has two other advantages. With closed windows, almost perfect silence can be attained. In a good modern car you can hear very little from engine or transmission, but the tyres and the windstream playing on screen and roof defy the noise-eliminator unless their sounds are shut out. That is a real gain that would be generally appreciated.

The other, less important, is that closed windows are essential to proper streamlining. The highly streamlined closed bodies that they have already begun to develop on the Continent—as, for instance, the Alfa-Romeo saloon and the others that did so brilliantly at Le Mans this time last year—had curved windows that were hardly meant to open at all, beyond a small section that could be slid sideways a few inches. These bodies were not air-conditioned—rather the contrary—but they were effective for speed and fuel economy. Thus it is not difficult to see how one line of progress in design plays into the hands of the other. Pure comfort on the one side and pure efficiency on the other both point towards the saloon with permanently closed windows.

People with claustrophobic tendencies need have no alarm. If the air-conditioning is right, the atmosphere inside the car will give no shut-in sensation, and as compensation for the glass between us and the outside world we can have more of it—or of a transparent plastic substitute for glass. I have long dreamt of a transparent roof, with movable blinds against excessive solar ardour, through which I could see as much of the Col de Lautaret or the snows of the Pyrenees or even the Cheddar Gorge as if I were in an open car.

I confess that the Continental streamlined closed body as at present known makes me shudder; I would almost as soon go motoring in an Anderson steel shelter. But perspex and other transparent plastics will not always be so expensive, and when most of the body above the waistline is transparent as crystal, the streamlined body will cease to look and feel like a prison. In fact, it is probably the body of the future.

ANOTHER American idea this year is to put the brake-control on the steering column. You have a false rim to the steering-wheel, like that which Austins used to have for the horn. Press this rim down and you accelerate; squeeze it up, and you apply the brakes. I think coupling-up the accelerator as well as the brakes is going too far, except, of course, that it would do very well for a legless driver, but a brake-control that started to work when the driver gripped the wheel in panic would not be at all a bad notion.

The gear-lever also is now on the steering-column under the wheel on American cars; what a complicated bundle of tricks would be gathered there with the brake-control as well! Still, it is a new line, pointing the way to the time when we will just touch switches or pull knobs to start, go and stop, and have engine-assisted steering with one complete turn of the wheel equal to swinging from full lock to full lock.

THERE is little motoring "literature" these days, so that even a semi-technical manual can be grateful and comforting. I have been sent a copy of the *Redex Manual*—which, indeed, would be of interest at any time. Redex, should you not have met it, is a special oil. Apply it to the engine direct—through the air-intake with the engine ticking over and in the sump—and you get a tune-up. Use it in the fuel and you have a first-class upper cylinder lubricant. Add it to gear-box and back axle and you reduce noise and vibration. Do all these things and you get a livelier performance all round and better m.p.g.

So it is claimed. The stuff is not a new introduction; it has been on the market for some years, quietly winning a reputation. I have used it and believe in it, although I have not been able to make any comparative tests. But there is good evidence that its use does increase the number of miles you get to the gallon.

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of the BYSTANDER *during the current month must accompany any entry for the* BYSTANDER *Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card* and certify the scratch score of the course. *Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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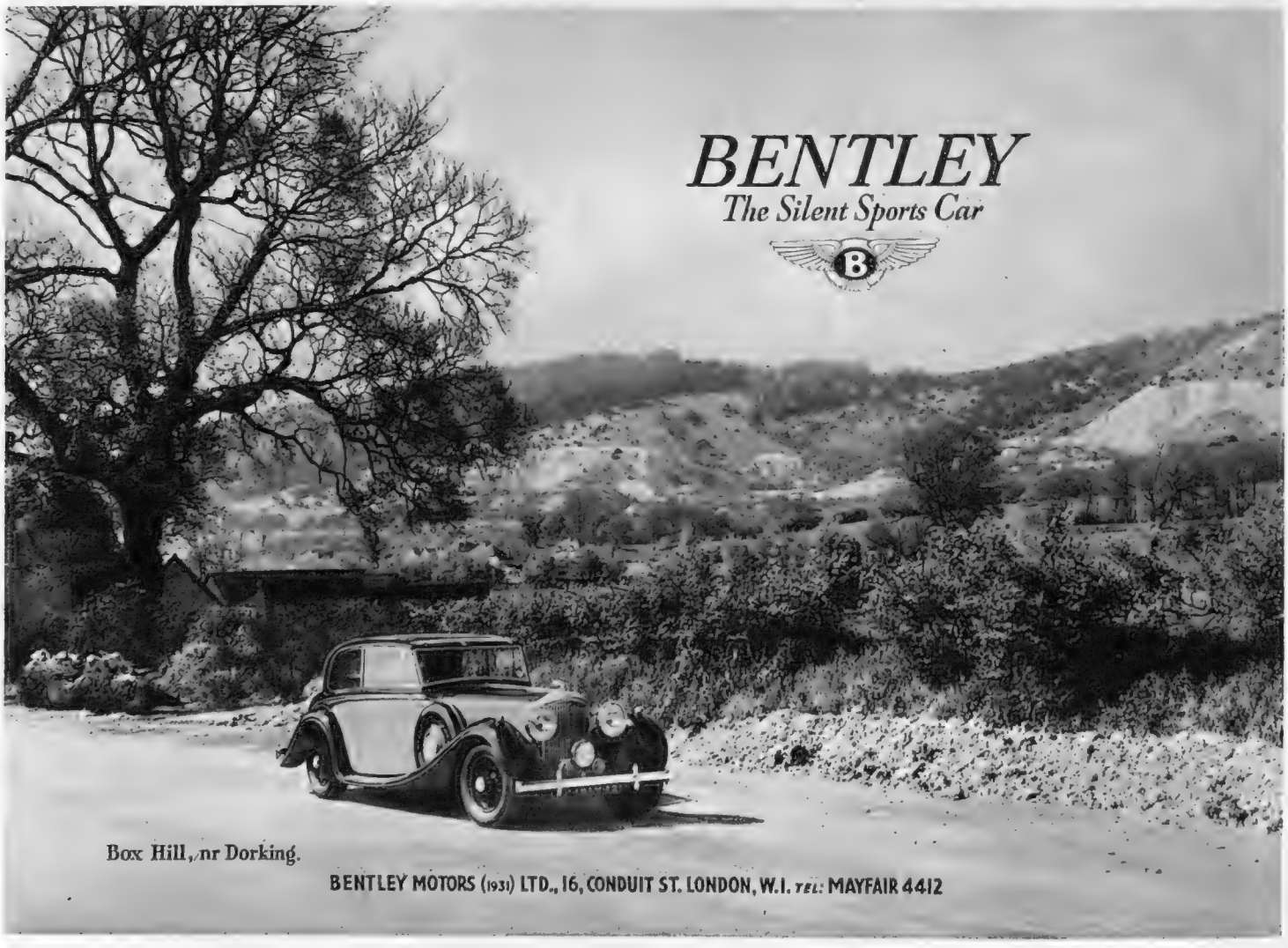

The D.F.C. was conferred on Pilot-Officer Robert Allitt and Pilot-Officer Ernest Tacon, of the R.A.F., at the Investiture last week. The former was second pilot and bomb-aimer in a 'plane which continued its attack on a target in Germany though severely damaged and which he navigated safely back to France "under most harassing conditions"

The D.S.C. was given for unfailing courage and devotion to duty to three minesweeping-trawler pilots of the R.N.R. at Buckingham Palace on June 11th. They are Chief Skipper George Abernethy, of the Concertator, Chief Skipper Isaac Parkinson, of the Loch Buie, and Chief Skipper Thomas Fraser, of the Rinovia

The M.C. was awarded last week to, among many others, Sec.-Lt. E. F. D. Campbell, Black Watch, for remarkable courage, initiative and resourcefulness on patrol duty on two specific occasions, and subsequently over a period of three weeks in May

Decorations

Nine Heroes of Three Services

The D.F.C. was given at last week's Investiture to Flying-Officer Stanley D. P. Connors for outstanding fighting ability and gallantry. In two days he shot down, though greatly outnumbered, six 'planes, including three Heinkel "111's." With him here is his fiancée, Mrs. Marjorie Lee-White

The D.S.C. to Lieut. Harry Torin, Fleet Air Arm, was one of the decorations conferred on naval officers by the King. Mrs. Torin went to the Palace with her husband. Captain Vian (Cossack) and Lieut.-Com. Hutchinson (Truant) received their D.S.O.s on the same day

The D.S.O. to Sq.-Leader Joscelyn Houssemayne Du Boulay was among other awards for gallantry and devotion to duty in the execution of air operations announced on June 1st, and he received his decoration from the King last week. With him were his wife and a friend. He is the son of the late Major T. W. Houssemayne Du Boulay, had already won the D.F.C.

WM. SANDERSON & SON LTD., LEITH

London Nights

Wartime Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

The "Bystander's" Going-Out Guide

The May Fair

For a short while last month you may have found, on your visits thither, that the May Fair Restaurant was closed. You were probably told the reason. They were overhauling the acoustics of that great room, so that Ambrose, the cabarets, and you yourself may get a little extra planned comfort, for playing and talking and listening. It's all over now, and you can hear, but not see, the difference. I've no doubt that if you sneak into the restaurant at some rare moment when it is empty, you would be allowed to drop a pin and listen to it crash.

The May Fair Cabaret goes on in full swing, and just now, as I write this, John Ridley and Ann de Nys are singing and playing harmoniously. You know their offerings. I find their songs as refreshingly original and clever as anybody's in the after-dark world to-day. They are a great comfort in gloomy times. In the Platonic ideal state they would probably have to be crowned with wool and sent to another city. But I hope they stay at the May Fair a long, long time. Ambrose is there, playing sweet, swing and waltzes with all his special charm. I remember that particular couple spending their combined honeymoon and leave at the May Fair, waltzing beautifully to the last note of their last evening. I hope that all is well with them.

The last waltz

Lansdowne Restaurant

Let us now praise a famous Invisible Man, viz., the chef of the Lansdowne Restaurant. There has been so much to say about the charm of the restaurant itself, its comfort and its friendliness, that the scribe is apt to leave no room for due praise of its culinary lynch-pins. Watch, too, Fernandez in the restaurant. He is a master of his craft, and you have only to see him at work to realise that the sumptuous taste of the Lansdowne dishes is no accident and no dream. Myself I have found on the occasions when I am in that mood, that a soulful description of the sort of species of dish that I feel like will, with Fernandez's and the chef's co-operation, bring to my table the dish several points better prepared and many points better conceived than I had expected. Oh, it's a great place for food, the Lansdowne. How they keep the standards up, seeing the limited supplies of luxury viands that restaurants can buy, is a bit of a mystery. But they can turn you out as lovely a Home Front Plat du Jour as they could and did a peacetime specialité.

Gourmets' gathering

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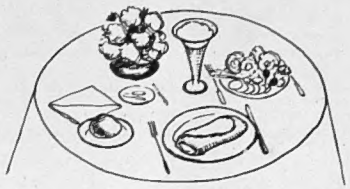
Greenwood

Barney Gilbraith is playing great swing in the evenings. That name will say a lot to those who know their swing names. He has augmented his Coconut Grove Four Piece, and you should go and hear the result.

Note for bulletin-listeners: there is a radio in "The Farm," next door to the restaurant.

Pastori's



Warm-weather paupiettes

Of course, Pastori has been a British subject for many years (so has his partner, Brazilian-born Mario), and the trouble of the last week or so must have no adverse effect on his new venture into restaurant-ownership and management.

It's a charming little, smart little, cool little retreat, Pastori's new restaurant off Leicester Square. Myself, I still take the precaution of asking taxi-men to go to the Plaza Hotel, though some of them say, "Lor', bless me, didn't I know it was a posh restaurant called Pastori's now." In the maroon-coloured, deep-chaired lounge you can study cold-table and menu at first hand. The former is brought to you, the latter is there for your inspection. Inside, and at one of the wall-backed tables, I suggest you let Pastori be his own salesman for the main dish. He generally has something new and special that you wouldn't guess at from the written word. My own recommendation for utter, luxurious coolth is the Paupiettes de Volaille Yorkoise, which is minced chicken wrapped in thin ham, with salad and trimmings of the house. With an iced lager (the cups are excellent, and the wine list itself important) and a strawberry or two to follow, this is a well-spent lunch-time.

Dinner, too, and you can sit late and talk. Prices are high for the district, but very fair for the food you get.

Le Bon Viveur

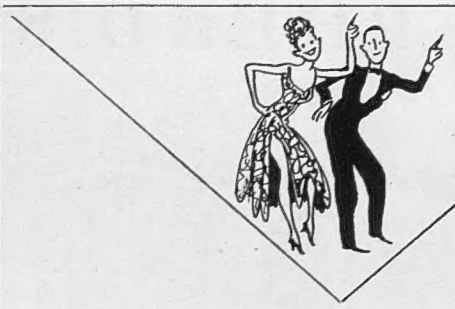
Concentration

Davico himself and one or two of his staff are of Italian origin. But Davico has been British for the last twelve years, and by good management and good fortune those of his waiters who were Italian are comfortably British now.

Any Bon Vivant knows how essentially "of the Allies" his little club is, both in fact and in atmosphere. And as far as the atmosphere is concerned, its double patriotism is mostly the work of Davico.

The Bon Viveur's success goes deeper than the excellence of the dish that comes to your table. Look at that menu of the day, and ask yourself what stores of viands there must be behind the scenes to allow for all that distillation to be written out on the triptych card. A small bar, a little hall with room for one chair and some flowers, a dining-room with seating for thirty perhaps; and, one imagines, a big fridge in the back quarters, and a stove for the cook. Well, the answer is that the cook is a chef, please, and the fridge is big enough to take a hecatomb of beeves, and there's practically nothing that you would ask for with closed eyes that is not on the menu or couldn't be produced by Davico from stock. Try it.

Besides which there is a dance-floor and a small roost for the band in the rafters. What a pleasant place the Bon Viveur is.



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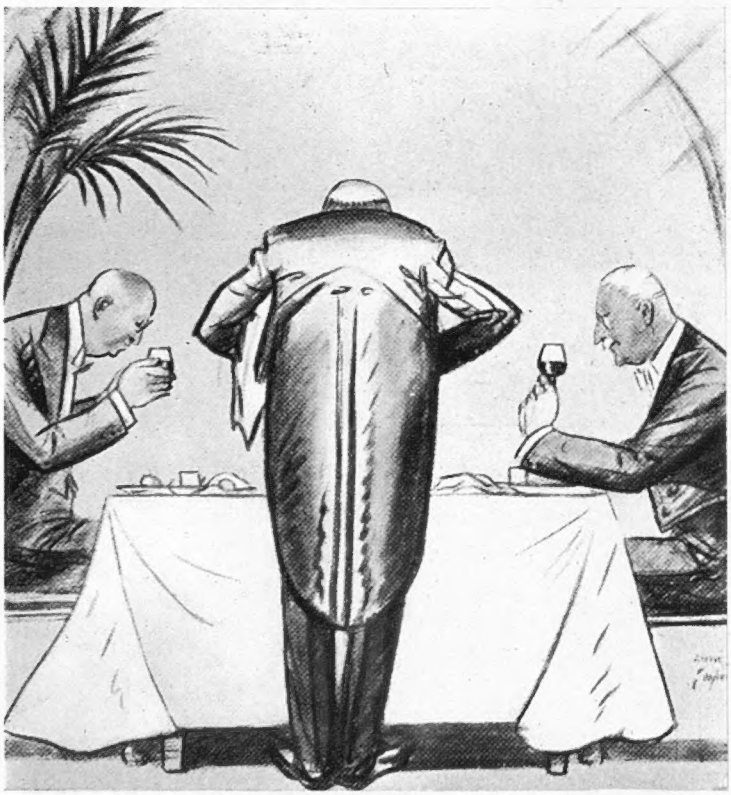

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Hatchett's

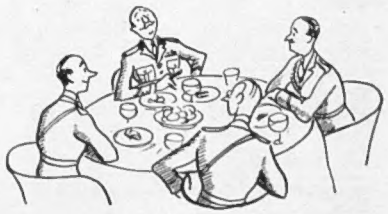
In to cool depths

In a close month Hatchett's has been a calm, cool rendezvous, and the descent to its welcoming swing doors has been easy. This has been equally true of lunch and dinner, and far into the night when Arthur Young is on the band-waggon and the fun is fast and furious. They arrange things well at Hatchett's, and they see that their guests get a lot of extra comforts that are not charged for in the bill.

Service folk know Hatchett's of old, though nowadays it is the young officers who throng down the stairs in the evenings. They are after the swing rhythms of Young and his boys, with maybe an omelette or a steak, a pint of beer or a whisky; but nothing elaborate, nothing stuff-shirt and nothing expensive. To these, Hatchett's of an evening is a home from home, and the original begetter of the scheme for having Hatchett's just-so deserves the success that his idea has achieved.

The tempo is a bit more slow at lunch-time, when uncles and nieces come for "treat" meals, and possibly the young folk of the night before come in again for more formal feeding and a meal from which they will not rise for the sudden playing of a favourite piece. There at the foot of the stairs is that excellent cold table, and from the melting smoked salmon of it to the huge soft English strawberries, you cannot want better.

The Shepherd's Tavern



Warriors at ease

I was in the bar of the Shepherd's with a friend the other night, preparatory to taking him to dinner. He was a fairly frequent frequenter of the bar there, but was more than amazed when I simply led him up the little staircase behind the sedan-chair phone-booth, and showed him the offerings of a very good May-fair restaurant. I've been foxed that way myself with another famous tavern, which I thought only purveyed drink: so I know the pleasure of discovery.

The service, qua both efficiency of waiters and the delicacy of the cuisine, is several cuts above what my friend expected, even when he had sat down and read the menu.

The Services know it well, and the hat-rack in the evenings is a cluster of red and gold and tartan and blue. Air Force seems slightly in the ascendant, but only slightly. They find here just the sort of food they want, and the quietness they need in the middle of, or after, a hard day's work. The Shepherd's is in easy striking distance of that large new official building in Berkeley Square, and from there issue the men of the moment searching for peace. To those who have not found it yet, I recommend the Shepherd's and would have them know Mr. Tomsett who runs it so well.

The New Queen's

As a place for meeting people I recommend Charles' bar down the steps from Leicester Square, and in the ante-chamber to the New Queen's Brasserie itself. Teed up on a swivel-topped stool, with something long and beaded to keep the throat from getting parched, one can spend in great comfort and pleasure those longish periods when girl-friend or wife don't turn up. I have always liked the New Queen's particularly in hot weather, ever since that throbbing summer when the management toyed with the idea of somehow getting the whole thing out of doors after dark.

But it is cool inside to-day (because of their special air-conditioning system), and there is the black-out in Leicester Square to think of. Come to the Queen's for lunch and enjoy the salads and health foods that they like to serve you with then, and which, I see, the Ministry of Food is buying space in the papers to advocate. Come in the early evening, for a good verbose dinner, or a short one before a movie or theatre. You'll find that the food and the service are flexible enough to meet your needs on every occasion. Then come in again after the show, and drink beer from what are now probably not called steins, but still are tall, and heavy and keep the drink in perfect shape for as long as it is allowed to stay the wrong side of "the barrier of your teeth." Java's music, and cheery folk.

Waiting for their ladies

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